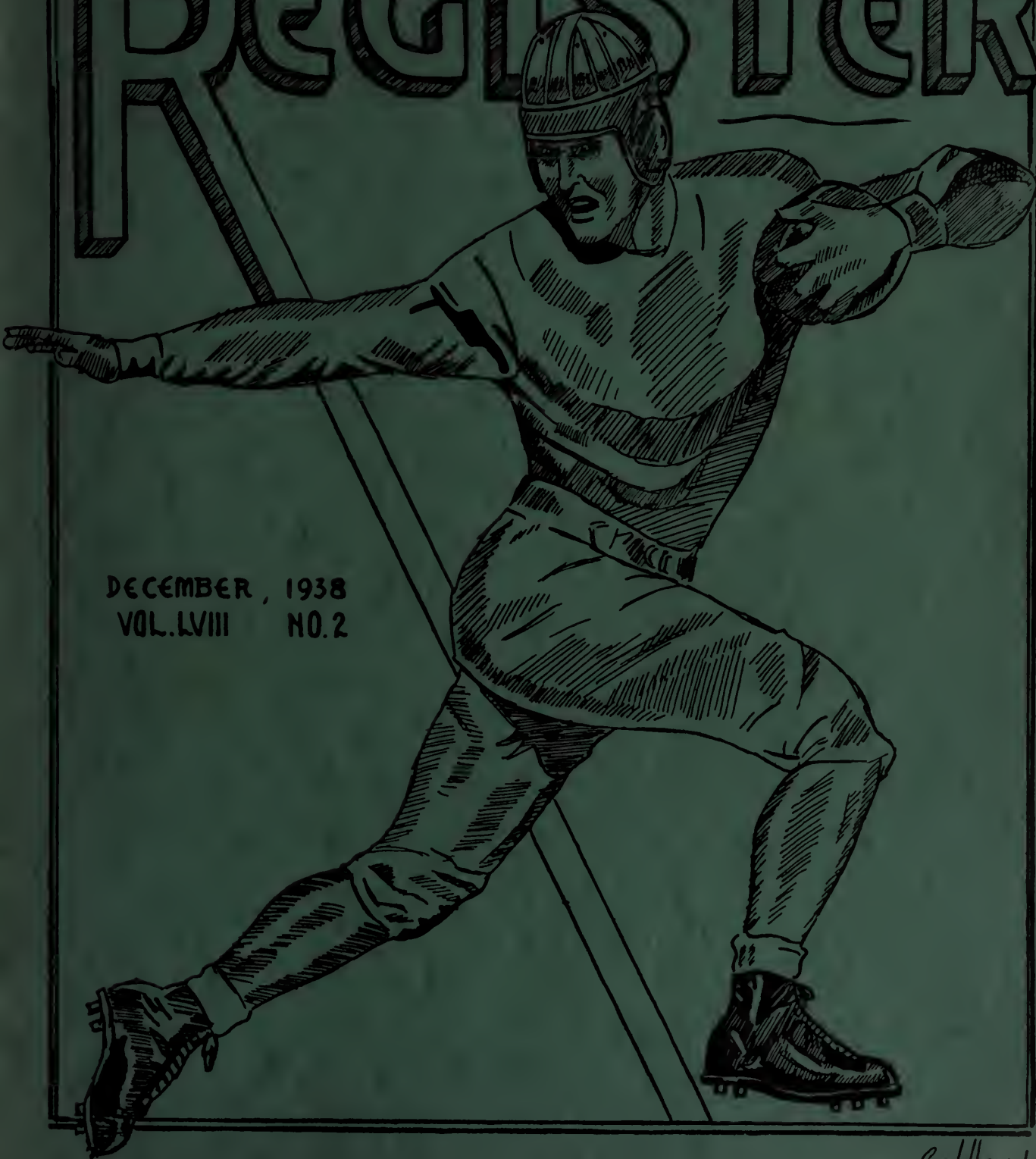


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DECEMBER, 1938  
VOL. LVIII NO. 2

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# The Register

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DECEMBER

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1938

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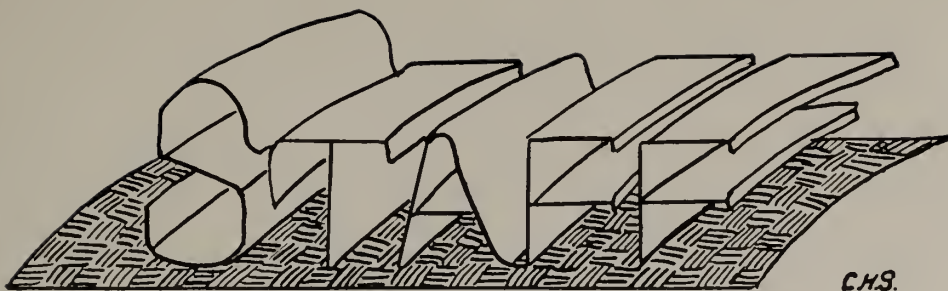
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## THAT'S NOT ALL

No, indeed! The Editor editorializes, and the Election returns return. This being the Football Number, our late Football team (R.I.P.) resurrects itself briefly in the annual Herald caricatures. We hope you'll enjoy the issue.





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# TO THE SENIORS

Regretfully we realize that our last Thanksgiving at Latin School is now behind us. Time is an ever-moving force that sifts through our fingers, as the sand in an hour glass, in a steady, unbroken stream. So swift is its passage and so never-ending its residue that we fail to note the dwindling of our share. Lives are divided, like a great book, into Chapters—each distinct and full, but so arranged that if we miss even a fragment, we may not read again to recapture its meaning. In our school life this rule does not change.

Almost half of this, the last year, has gone by. Soon Christmas, then Spring, and finally graduation will be upon us. Friendships acquired through the years are not broken. But we will miss the faces that have grown so familiar and that intangible spirit that molds Class life. Let us, therefore, seize what is at hand: the opportunity to make this year a milestone of our life. By taking an active, participative interest in Class affairs and by enjoying the social atmosphere of the “proms,” the Banquet, Class Day, etc., we can capture this spirit. Plans are being made to arrange a full season of entertainment. If our officers’ enthusiasm is any guide, 1939 will be replete with unforgettable occasions.

As always, however, everyone must coöperate to achieve success. The team has done well, both on the field and the dance floor; the Football Dance was thoroughly enjoyable. The First Class Prom is approaching now: committees are being formed, ideas and suggestions gathered, innovations planned—all combining to the end that we may all have a *good time*. College begins next year; we’ll be starting all over again at the bottom of the ladder—as lowly freshmen. Consequently, we owe it to ourselves to reap the reward of years of much work and little play. *You are the Senior Class. This is your year. Make it a year to remember.*

*The Editor*

## ELECTION RESULTS

A last minute flash has enabled us to include long-awaited totals—the election results. After a lengthy, exciting campaign, in which concerted electioneering harried the wretched Senior, the following emerged triumphant: President, Russell Robinson; Vice-President, Harry V. Keefe; and Secretary-Treasurer, William A. Shue.

The Class Committee, newly elected, is

headed by Jack Wark, and is composed of Charles “Chuck” Arnstein, “Gene” Carey, Adrian O’Leary, Frank Lee, and “Nick” Condos.

The officers wish to tender their thanks to Mr. Lee J. Dunn for his able supervision and invaluable assistance and, of course, to the Class itself. The *Register* urges coöperation in future Class affairs.



# THE SHINING SWORD

*Rand Manning, '41*

From afar the hundreds of small white tents blended together, indistinctly forming an inland sea of white below the jagged mountains. A calm sea. No breeze caused a ripple. It was the hour before dawn when the night winds, tired of blowing, seem to slacken their breath and softly whisper over the sleeping plateau. Murcia threw open the flap of his tent and looked outside across this sleeping sea, beyond to the dry plains and an eastern sky, where gray mountains silhouetted against grayer heavens, their saw teeth piercing the mantle of space.

He thought of Asturia, the country of northern Spain, his homeland; of the dew-damp plains in the early morning and the mountains he knew better and loved more deeply. There was peace at home, security and no warfare. Now his father, Andusia, chose to wage war with the people of Castille, and he had come of age to go with the army. Andusia was aging; soon his son must take his place as commander.

Yet Murcia hated conflict. He wished that he might stay at home, but he remembered his father's words:

"You must always fight to retain your position. You may be the invader or the defender, for should you try to retire into your own lands, you will soon find an enemy encamped on the borders. Choose the offensive, my son."

Yet what if the enemy did camp on the borders? They would not invade his land. No? But yes, for he and his father were doing just that to Castille. Then Murcia hated Castille for existing, hated the people of Castille for living, hated them for being able to be called "enemy."

He rose quickly. It was still early as he went to the horses' corral, saddled his black charger, and rode silently off to the mountains of the jagged outline. As he

rode, he felt the warm, humid winds of the Sahara sweeping across the Mediterranean bring the heat of the desert with them. Then, in complement, the sun rose, quickly, with hardly a pause for color; and the plain began to burn beneath him.

In the foothills he rested. By a river thundering down from the mountain he led his horse to drink as he sought the shade of an overhanging rock; and as he sat there half awake and half dreaming, he seemed to feel someone near him, and he seemed to be talking, yet he was not fully aware of it. The voice said, "Would not Andusia and his troops retreat into his homeland if they suffered a defeat?"

Then Murcia would rise and call out to the unseen questioner. No one would answer.

He would sit once more and hear, "A defeat would send him home. Suppose the Castillian knew the plans of campaign perhaps then there would be no more fighting."

Then Murcia sprang to his feet. This was the way to end the hostilities of warfare. One battle to end all battles. So he cried, "O Castillian, O unseen foe, I, Murcia, son of Andusia, know the plans of battle. Learn them, Castillian, and win the battle of the Tagus River. Then we may live in peace in our homeland. Look, Castillian, I draw the plans in the sands of this mountain stream. See, Castillian, the plans." And as he turned away to his horse, "Come, dark one, let us return to camp ere they notice with too great concern our absence."

\* \* \* \* \*

Near the Tagus shore two armies stood. No more than fifty yards yawned between them, almost as a mouth capable of devouring hordes of men and animals. From his tent Andusia emerged, dressed in his costume of royal white and gold.

He stood there gazing at the troops before him, Murcia at his side. And Murcia could sense, even as his father did, the pride in his own army. Then he wished he had never ridden into the mountains. Yet it was only a dream he had dreamt there, he knew. He had not really betrayed his father's army. No, he had been thinking of his homeland, of quiet and peace.

Trumpets sounded shrilly. Echoed from across the sandy plain. Murcia saw his father mounting a white steed, saw his family crest supported by a heat-laden wind, and saw, beyond, the Castillian line already moving serpentine in its front rank formation. He saw how they were opening in the center to envelop his father's army. He saw a phalanx closing in the side. And he felt shudders of terror electrify his body as he saw his own tribesmen march to a death that he had made for them.

He rode amidst them. The hot air stifled them. The dust, rising from the hoofs of the horses, swirled about, choking, blinding them. And the battle din continued. Iron armor and lances clashing; then the muffled cry of a spear-pierced warrior and the screaming shrill of wounded soldiers. He could not fight. He felt the cry of each man in himself. He died with each man. Yet the Gods spared his life—he who was a traitor, even in his mind now, for he thought of the ferns on the sloping hillsides and the fruits that were now ripening in his homeland. Soon the dust collapsed, and the enemy marched over them in victory as he fell to the earth to feign death, should they look for prisoners.

Night came ere he dared to move. He cast his eyes about him on the ground where his countrymen lay sleeping or dying, and he saw a body garbed in white and gold—his father, Andusia.

"My father. My father." He shook the old man's body, for there was life

still there.

"My son," Andusia gasped, "I have lost a battle . . . and my life as well. . . . Tell the women and children at home that I fought as best I could. I know not why we lost. . . ." His voice was faint.

Murcia would be glad to go back to the homeland and tell of his father. He would go home, where there was peace.

"I want to go home, too, Murcia. I want to go home to the fertile valleys. Take me home to bury me, Murcia," the old Andusia cried. "Bury me on the hill behind our home where the flowers grow wild. I shall have peace there."

Peace? His father to desire peace? Never had Murcia thought of Andusia as a peace-lover.

"The battle was my duty. I was to fight. I was born to the shining sword . . . to lead my people. Tell them I died in peace . . . seeking peace . . ." His voice failed and died into the night.

From the awakening field of the bloody Murcia heard the soldiers rising. Then he rose to tell them.

"Andusia, your king, is dead." And in a body came the answer, "May the Gods save Murcia, our new sovereign," in voices tumultuous.

\* \* \* \* \*

Murcia walked beside the bier carrying his father. They were going along the river, up and over the mountains, to the north and homeward. The night air was cooler as they marched, and the winds shuffled the sands of the river-shore in confusion. Murcia, looking at the path before him, saw them blanket over a diagram sketched in the sands, saw the diagram fade from view, even as with the battle, life had faded from his father.

The wind ruffled the horse's mane, lifted the crest on Murcia's head. He raised his brow to the northward. In the distance . . . the shining sword, and he was their king.

THE END

# "LIGHTS!"

Charles Ginsburg, '40

The uniformed doorman opened the door, and I walked in eagerly. For a startled moment I couldn't see because the change in light was too sudden. I was in a vast hall, with lofty ceiling and without corners. It was a perfect circle. A catwalk lay under the ceiling and was crowded with overalled, hurrying men nervously arranging strange apparatus. Large cylindered arms stretched down from the ceiling, carrying square steel boxes with glass bottoms, huge globes, and many other fascinating machines whose uses were unknown to me.

A steady, continuous current of noise ran in the hall, and beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen hurried in various directions. In the middle, on a slightly raised place, there was a "piece of" palace! Yes, a piece of real, royal palace complete with marble pillars, gold be-decked furniture, precious vases with flowers, sparkling chandeliers and all the symbols of royalty. I was on Stage 8—M-G-M Studio—Hollywood.

A courteous attendant led me up a long flight of stairs to the sound-proof closet, almost directly over the stage. The cameras there were untouched and motionless as yet. The guide explained at length the uses of the huge lamps, ranging from five hundred to five thousand volts, the sound system, the microphones, and the functions and duties of the

eighty or so attendants. He showed me the personal dressing table of the leading star and told me that this energetic man sitting near the stage was Mr. Van Dyke, director. I noticed that, at a motion from him, a lamp or "prop" was changed to another position.

"Marie Antoinette" was being filmed. Norma Shearer, indescribably beautiful, walked out to her position on the steps of the Versailles Palace. The "bit" players, completely costumed, walked out in back of the star. Tyrone Power was getting ready to go out. "Lights!" barked Van Dyke. "Lights!" echoed twenty-five electricians. And what light! What splendor! Tyrone Power, majestic and formal, walked out as the cameras ate and greeted the queen.

It was 1799. Jewelled court-attendants were whispering about their queen. The queen was greeting her handsome courtiers. Jewels gleamed. Coiffures, made by experts, shone in the light. Soft music played.

Enthralled, lost in a glamorous world, I did not return to reality immediately, when the traditional "Cut!" was yelled. When I did, it was with sorrow. For half an hour I had lived in another century—a more picturesque, if not better, century. Queen changed to actress, palace to stage, jewels to paste, and court life to Hollywood.

## MIXED SIGNALS

He was trying to keep the conversation flowing with a young woman and touched on the subject of books.

"Tell me," he said, "have you read 'Freckles'?"

"No," she giggled, blushing; "mine are just ordinary brown ones."

## DISCRETION

*Student, reading Virgil:* "Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, sir."

*Teacher:* Well, White, I think that was quite far enough.



## PURPLE PLATFORMS

By *Rand Manning*, '41

The old football gridiron rolls up for the winter as the days grow shorter and the brief-cases heavier. Farewelling the open fields, we turn our eyes inward and see what goes on here in the old school.

We felt the blow of an abdication, the sincerity of two appeals, the exhibition of art and artistry, and the fun of getting a scoop.

**APPEAL:** Mr. Dunn was kept busy. We had two excellent presentations of movies at different morning assemblies. The first opened the annual drive for Junior Red Cross membership in the school, and by means of the cinema we were shown the operation and efficiency of said Red Cross. Mr. Sands (214), who oversees Red Cross activities at B. L. S., reported a most satisfactory result from the drive.

The second, none the less humane in its appeal, showed us the remarkable change that has come about in Fire-Fighting since the old Roman days of the Bucket Brigade and "Sell or Let it Burn" slogan. And the story of the twelve statuary apostles who wouldn't leap from a church roof to a safety net is something for "Memorabilia."

**ABDICATION:** The president-elect of the Debating Club had abdicated and had escaped to English High; thus, the club, at its opening meeting, was without a leader. But Mr. Collins, non-plussed, began another whirlwind election. Officers Levenson, Myers, and Robinson retained their standing as Donlan, whose debating in the past has often aided our team to win and who lately excelled in the First Public Dec., swept into the president's chair. And in true club style he was ready with a speech!

We have been haunted by Mr. (A. A.) French until we now believe the school is full of spooks. Or is that what he means when he mentions the "School Spirit"?

**ARTISTRY:** With an appropriate setting, the State Symphony Orchestra presented a program of music in our Assembly Hall just before Armistice Day. In the stillness that reigned as the volume swelled and softened, raising our finer sensibilities, we gave thought to the solemnity of the day approaching and conceded that surely no better time for inspiration could have been chosen.

**SCOOP:** Under Mr. Russo's (106) blotter is the script for a play which we shall be witness to at Christmas Assembly. There are cues for the appearance of phantoms and visions of times past and times coming and tells the tale of an old man who learned how to keep Christmas. It has been adapted from "A Christmas Carol" of Dickens by a member of the Dramatics Club and features the combined talents of Boys' and Girls' Latin School Drama Groups.

**ART WEEK:** Mr. Brickley, leader of the Art Club at B. L. S., invited Mr. Lindergreen of the Vesper George School of Art to speak to an Upper Class Assembly during Art Week in November. Delivering a most engaging lecture, punctuated at intervals with charted diagrams, he showed us the dynamic and static art existing in things we take as commonplace, and brought proportions from the "Math" class to the stage by explaining why buildings are rectangular and tumbler cylindrical.

**AT CLUB KEYHOLES:** We watched Chess and Checker players avidly snatch their boards and sit down to determine champions as they held forth in Mr. McGuffin's 130. . . . The Aviation Club is soon to start building models and having flying contest meets. . . . At the opening meeting of the Literary Club, President Flaschner discussed the genius of Galsworthy. The Art Club, meeting in Mr. Brickley's 221, has scheduled an

ambitious season. Gym and football are subjects for the present, and their Utopia is to compose a mural, recording the school in action. . . . The French Circle, headed by Mr. Levine, sounded the trumpets for another big year. The Music Appreciation Club has chosen officers for

the year. . . . And that about exhausts the news of this column, but we would like to leave a hint in club-members' ears: If you'd like to see your club's name in print, the surest way to do so is to contribute something of interest to it and hence to all of us.

## ALUMNI NOTES

In a recent trip to the hills of Hanover we met many former Latin School boys who are matriculating at Dartmouth. "Bob" Thomas, '37, a sophomore, is an athletic manager. His fraternity is Chi Phi. "Dave" Slattery, '36, a sophomore, is one of the writers for the "Jack O' Lantern," the college's humour magazine. "Dan" Dacey, '37, who was known for the manner in which he tore opposing lines to shreds, received in his first year of varsity football a severe shoulder injury, which put him out of action for the year. Coach Blaik predicts a brilliant season for "Dan" next year. He is a chairman of his Dormitory Committee, a great honor. Elmer Crehan, '36, a sophomore, has transferred his brilliance from the athletic field to classroom. His freshmen marks were of the best. John I. Fitzgerald, genial president of the class of '36, is a History Major, and a member of A. K. E. "Ed" McLaughlin and "Mike" Tiernan, both of '38, are rooming together. At this time we wish to extend our sympathy to "Doc" O'Brien, B. L. S. '35, and Dartmouth '39, on the death of his mother.

Out at University Heights, home of Boston College, there is almost a purple and white monopoly on class presidents: Paul Maguire, '37, is freshman president; "Jack" Beatty, '37, sophomore president; and "Dick" Powers, '36, president of the juniors. At the B. C.-B. U. frosh game,

two Latin school teammates found themselves opponents, "Bob" Dempsey, '38 and "Joe" Mulhern, '38. "Bob" was in the Eaglets backfield and "Joe" was in the Terriers' line.

Casty Ajauskas, '37, is playing football for the Mass. State varsity. "Fran" Slattery, '37, won his numerals last year for freshman baseball at the same institution.

At the Harvard Stadium, many former Latin School boys are working as student ushers. "Vin" Harrington, '36, "Bob" Corson, '37, John Tully, president of the class of '36, and "Jack" Sullivan, chairman of the class committee of the same class, are a few.

Harry Gorman, '37, is playing great football for Bates. "Joe" Burke and "Joe" Carroll, both '38, are roommates at Holy Cross.

"Joe" Crowley, '38, great captain of last year's football team and 300-yarder "par excellence." has resumed his natural position as leader and is captain of the Kiski football team. "Ed" Martin, '38, is playing freshman football at Bowdoin. Allan Joseph, '36, holder of the record number of votes for class committee, was working in Washington, D. C., when last heard from.

That West Point cadet, whose picture was in the "Sunday Globe" after Harvard-Army game, was Louis Polcari, '38.

*John Ryan, Jr., '39*

# THE CAPTAIN SURPRISES

Dr. Caldwell wiped his feverish brow with his sleeve. A moment of relaxation? Impossible! Every minute a fresh batch of wounded men was arriving from the front lines, and in the vast seemingly impossible labors before him, the thrills were lost and ideals smashed. The huge hospital tents were filled to capacity, and the odors of anaesthetics, humans, and filth lay heavy over all.

"New batch, doc," sighed a smart interne.

"Don't I know it?" groaned the gray-haired medico, and immediately proceeded to sterilize his instruments anew.

From without were heard the noises of ambulances being unloaded of their burdens. A few minutes later the wounded were rushed in, placed on anything which resembled a cot; and there the more fortunate ones waited, while the critically wounded were surgically treated.

Dr. Caldwell glanced at the two other doctors as they quickly prepared to work. Dr. Richards—a dark, imposing fellow, he noted—appeared nervous and distraught. "He'll apply for leave in twenty-four hours," prophesied the doctor to himself.

Just then he was disturbed by two internes, who placed a stricken soldier upon the operating table before him.

"Pill under the heart," muttered one of the internes and prepared to assist the doctor.

Dr. Caldwell immediately set to work. A vertical incision was made which ran partly across the heart. He deepened this opening by cutting through the ribs

to the last tissue. Then, with his rubber-covered hands, he probed for the bullet. He could feel the distinct throbbing of the heart. When the location of the bullet was discovered, he cut cautiously over this section and quickly extracted it. Finally, he cleansed the wound and resealed the incision.

Thus did the doctor work. A few cases were simple. A number of them sent him into a cold sweat, and in the most grievous, he failed.

A few days later, on a tour of the hospital, Dr. Caldwell was interrupted by a mud-bespattered uniformed captain.

"Doctor Caldwell, sir?"

"Yes."

The captain glanced about.

"I'm Saunders from the Brigadier's staff. Was assigned to get a report on the health of a soldier, Murray, Elman C. by name."

"Oh, yes, Murray. I remember him especially well. A bullet beneath the heart. It appeared very simple, but after the operation, the case became complicated. I took a fancy to him and hoped to save him. At first it seemed impossible; but he pulled through and it was worth it."

The doctor conducted the captain to Murray's bedside. Murray had a shock of dark hair and a thin, wan face. He appeared to be asleep.

"What, may I ask, do you want with this man, captain?"

At that moment Murray awoke and heard the captain say: "He is to be shot as a spy."

*Ralph A. Caputo, '40*





# "THE SEVENTH PERIOD"

Russell Robinson, '39

Statistics: the election in the middle of this month showed a definite fact—that Latin School takes its politics seriously! No less than fourteen different species of campaign material, in the form of blotters, calendars, football schedules, plain cards, (and even gum balls) were issued. That may seem an insignificant figure in proportion to the number of candidates, but when you consider that the total price of this output, coupled with the expenditure of one candidate's political pins, amounted to about forty-five dollars—well there you have it. Incidentally only four of the fifteen candidates mentioned are going to the post with even a reasonable chance to win. The rest representing about twenty-six dollars worth of waste effort, don't have the proverbial snowball's chance. That's about a 75% fallacy in the old familiar "It pays to advertise!" Does it?

They call the Secretary-Treasurer a "heel". They say he's a man without a soul. But it amounts to just so much twaddle; merely indicates that the new Secretary is A. Shue—William A. Shue, to be specific.

Answers to last month's questions, of which you probably got none. No wonder you didn't solve the first: (1) thirteen doors lead to the assembly hall! (2) the largest club is the Glee Club . . . by a good margin. It's also the only one with equal representation from every class, simply because it's the *only one* that offers the same opportunities to every member, regardless of class. (Plug!) (3) The master owning the longest name is Mr. Richard Lawrence Edgar McGuffin . . . The shortest is M. Max Levine. Stickers, weren't they! Yes, of course they were. . . . Ah, but *this* month's batch is terrific! Don't spend too much time on them, though. The more you think of them, the *harder* they get! Well, prepare yourself; here they are:—(1) Who have been the last three Public "Dec" winners?" (2) Who have been the last five headmasters? (3) If you string along with Shue, what will you be? . . . Class One Special; (a) Just *what* does the Vice-President do? (b) Who has ever seen the Latin School milkman deliver? (*Is there a Latin School milkman?*)

Think those over for a month. Then take a zero. . . . Says Mr. Shea, "Do you take Greek? Well, wake up, then; hurry up and take it! Sleep nights, Jerry, sleep nights!" Only he says it so it sounds funny. . . . Another Shea-sham: "Molasses played a good game in leftfield: he caught all the flies."

Nominations of the month: the dullest job in Latin School—corridor patrol next to the office. . . . Unenviable job: window cleaner in the Assembly Hall. . . . And another thing—what happens when a bulb in the Assembly Hall ceiling goes *blinker*? Must need a human fly to fix it.

Idle thought: Wonder what class carries the most pounds of books? In Class One, History certainly carries some weight.

A-Sight-Eagerly-Awaited: the new overseas caps to be used this year in drill. They certainly will be a change; but, gosh, on what side and at what angle are they worn? Suggestion: let the sergeants walk slowly up and down in front of the ranks, carrying large mirrors and pausing momentarily before each private, thereby insuring that certain swerve. . . .!

# EXPERIMENT AGAINST DOOM

*Russell Robinson, '39*

## PART II

*Synopsis:* Dr. Hans Zayden, a brilliant scientist, has labored in forced seclusion for twenty years to invent a ray that will stop age. He finally succeeds, and names it the Z-Ray. To his surprise visitor, Dr. Rudolph Adler, a former colleague and his best friend, Zayden reveals his accomplishment and expresses his desire to experiment upon human life. Against the protests of the surgeon, Dr. Zayden seizes his opportunity to place under the ray a young couple mortally injured in a nearby automobile crash. Setting the gauge at "one year," Zayden hopes to turn their lives back this period of time, so that after the ray has been turned off, both will be uninjured and one year younger! He has just pulled the switch.

—Instantly a blinding orange glare flashed from the huge ray machine down upon the two below. Crackling intermittently like a stream of fire, it bathed them in a light so intense that for a moment the two onlookers could only throw their arms over their eyes and turn their backs. The tiny, whitewashed room was alive with energy; this controlled mechanical sun hurling its beams from only six feet above would surely shrivel the pair of subjects as would a live flame! This thought ran through Dr. Adler's mind as he groped along the wall, his eyes burning like two hot coals. "How could I have been so stupid—so unthinking—as to forget the smoked glasses!" gasped Zayden. "But now, doctor, I am sure that it is safe to turn; the ray is abating in intensity. Soon it will be over."

The sputtering had indeed diminished to a low, steady hum, and as Adler slowly turned, his eyes still closed, it died away completely. He leaned heavily against the wall, almost afraid to look. But a

harsh, exultant cry banished his fears. Zayden was leaning over the slab, gripping the marble until his knuckles were white. "They're alive! My God, it's a success! They're alive, alive, ALIVE!" and then the scientist sank to his knees, wearied by frenzy of excitement. "Alive—alive . . ." he gasped over and over, until Adler helped him to his feet, protesting, to his room. The man was not well, he knew. Even at medical school he had always been sickly, and never seemed to have the strength or the inclination to indulge in the wild post-exam parties the others attended religiously. True, he himself had not really enjoyed them, but then he'd always been a more serious type—doing research in his spare time, attending lectures on Sunday nights—everything the other students sought to avoid. But as long as he could remember, it had been "Crackpot Zayden, with his insane theory" who had consistently refused to mingle. He'd been content to putter around the laboratory, even after hours, until it became a standing joke to "keep away from that crazy German, or he'll have you wearing short pants again." With a rueful smile, he dissolved a sleeping potion and bent over the form of the little man who, he suddenly realized, had not been a crackpot—not insane at all. By Heavens, no! He had said they were alive! Quickly he pressed the glass to his lips and made him drink. Then, snapping off the light, he ran downstairs two at a time and into the laboratory.

The little door was still open, and from within, the white walls stared blankly out at him. He could see only the foot of the slabs as he approached. But then he stopped—halted by a frightening thought. What would he see? The rain was beating a steady patter on the roof; and Adler, standing at the threshold, felt very much

alone. What if . . . "Well, well!" he cried aloud, "the efficient Dr. Rudolph Adler, veteran of hundreds of engagements—mostly victorious—with death, cringes at the sight of what can be at the worst two harmless corpses!" And yet he paced his steps to a pallbearer's tempo as he came nearer the door.

The old house creaked with every burst of thunder, and a thousand little noises played a weird symphony with the monotonous accompaniment of the rain. Only the laboratory was electrically lighted, and a gust of wind had extinguished the candelabra in the living-room, plunging it into darkness. The grotesque glare of the large bulbs in the little room contrasted oddly with the deep shadows at the other end of the reception hall. Shutters banged, eaves murmured, the whole house groaned with throbbing intensity. "Damnably like a ghost story!" he found himself thinking. "Well,—here goes . . ."

With a striding step he entered the room, and . . . but nothing had changed! Quickly he moved towards the still forms, seized the boy's wrist, and with his heart beating so loudly he could hardly feel the pulse, stood motionless for a minute.

With a last dull glance at his watch, he raised his eyes to the silent ray machine. As though in a trance, he whispered hoarsely, "It's—it's true! Zayden has *cheated death!*"

It was the morning of the next day when Adler sat up, wearily rubbed his eyes, and yawned. For a moment he looked around, puzzled, blinking in the bright sunlight that streamed in upon the couch. He saw at a glance his wristwatch had stopped at two o'clock; but from the sun, high in the heavens, he saw that he had slept long—though fitfully. "Humph!" he muttered painfully as he got up, "reminds me of the army, this couch." His hair was tousled, his tie, around his ear, and his collar all away—all this he saw between bleary lids in the reflection of the window pane as he lifted

the sash and took a long, deep breath.

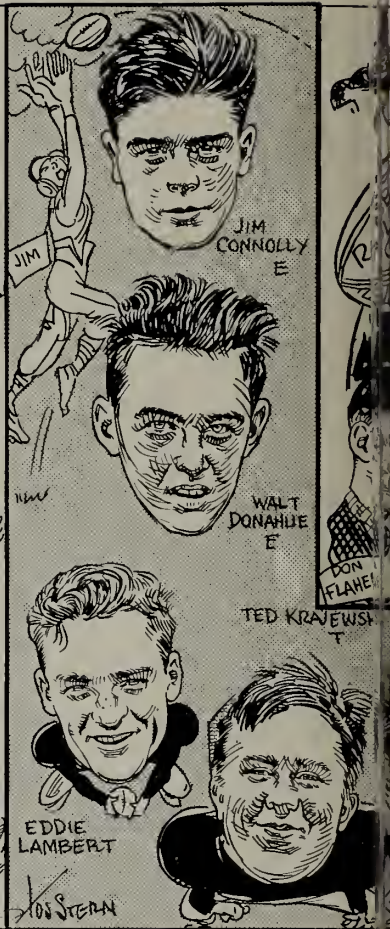
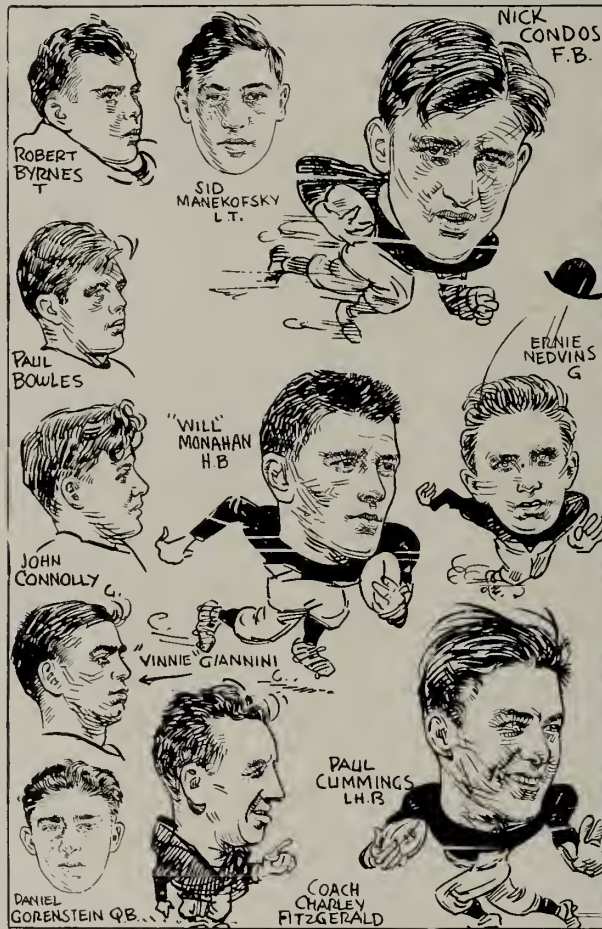
The fresh air made him dizzy, and he rubbed his forehead, muttering vile threats against manufacturers of iron couches. "Just goes to show what this life of ease'll do to a man! God, if I don't stop fussing with Park Avenue dowagers for five figure fees, I'll get to be a—oh, well . . . dum-de-dum, fussing for five figure fees, living a life of ease, dum-de-dum, la-de-d—*good Lord!*" Like a terrific blow the recollection of the night before struck him. His tie dropped from his unnerved fingers. He whirled about from the window and hurried to the still open door. A maelstrom of thoughts rushed through his brain. It must have been a nightmare, a fantastic dream!

Medical science doesn't reconcile such utter nonsense, does it? But there it was—proof: the boy and girl, side by side, breathing slowly and deeply in a comatic slumber. Their heartbeats were measured and widely spaced, yet they throbbed blood through their veins. Not a trace of a wound or even a scar, just two young faces with an unnatural pallor, but reflecting life. *This was a miracle.*

He ate breakfast alone, and a sparse affair it was, too. The dining room table accommodated at least twelve people, but Adler elected to eat in the kitchen. Sitting alone in the dusty dining-room didn't appeal to him at all—under the circumstances. He longed to be back in his comfortable swivel-chair, prescribing "less chocolates and more exercise," or poring over data for a delicate bit of surgery. Here he was, though, making the best of his own cooking. Grinning and scowling in turn, he concocted a Western sandwich out of three eggs and a half-pound of ham, most of which he burned to a crisp. Some coffee that tasted suspiciously like lye he swallowed in three gulps; and then, with a deep sigh, he leaned back, ruefully patted his stomach, and said, "That was—wretched!"

*(Continued next month)*







BILL  
COUGHLIN  
MGR

BOB  
IRVIN

PHIL JACKSON G

LL WARD G

PHIL  
FELDMAN  
FB

BERNARD  
FREEDMAN  
R.T

"RED"  
BILL  
BOYLE  
H.B

BUD AJEMIAN  
E

CHRIS MCCARTHY  
H.B

WALTER  
HOAR  
T

JOE HAVEY  
E

BUNNY  
TROWEN

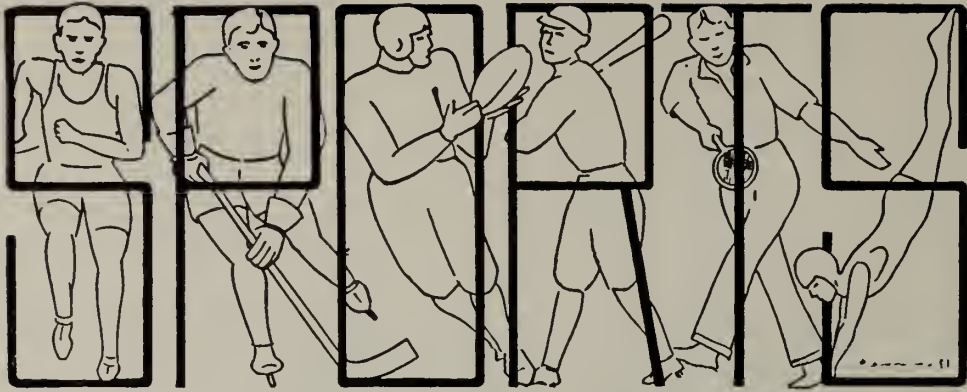
GEORGE  
CASEY E

JOHN CULLEN  
H.B

TOM HIGGINS  
H.B

HERB WINKELLER  
F.B

BOB  
BEYER  
L.C



## MECHANICS BOWS TO LATIN 6 - 0

Bee-Hive, October 18. The Purple, with a touchdown in the second period, overcame a favored Mechanics team, 6-0. This was the first touchdown scored this season by Latin.

In the first quarter Latin weakened in the pinches, but retaliated in the second with a touchdown. The march down the field for pay-dirt started when Ernie Nedvins snared Gorenstein's pass, which was good for twenty-two yards and a first down. Two off-tackle plays were halted by the Artisan's backer-uppers, "Bill" Friary and "Gerry" Cowhig. Then, Gorenstein, on an end-around-play, raced for a score after he had eluded several hostile tacklers. Latin failed to convert the point after.

After this touchdown, a noticeable change took place in both teams. Latin took the defensive; Mechanics, the offensive. When Latin was in her own territory, she immediately kicked out of danger. On the other hand, the Artisans took to the air on almost every play as a last resort to even up the score. However, they were unsuccessful, and another victory for the Purple was entered into the books.

Latin's line-up: Nedvins, Donahue, Havey, le; Krajewski, lt; Giannini, Freedman, lg; Higgins, c; Ward, Byrnes, rg; Jackson, Manekofsky, rt; Winkeler, Casey, re; Gorenstein, qb; Monahan, McCarthy, lhb; Cummings, rhb; Beyer, fb.

## WE SHOWED 'EM

Last year Latin was forced to cancel the Trade game because of inclement weather. Mr. Tilton and his cohorts claimed that they would have beaten us if they had had the chance. Well, this year they did get the chance, and Mr. Fitzgerald's boys proved them to be wrong. Interscholastic experts stood agape when they saw Latin trot onto the field with Hoar in the backfield. They thought that the shrewd Purple and White coach had surely made a mistake in changing a former All-Scholastic tackle to the fullback position. Mr. Hoar then proceeded to show them how wrong they were.

During the first two periods Boyle and Monahan did most of the work for us, but frequent fumbles at crucial moments prevented scoring. At one time they reached the seven-yard line, but they seemed unable to get any more yardage. Donahue was sent in to attempt a field goal, but his try failed. During this same second period Trade made its only threat when it reached the Latin "17" by dint of some fancy running by Rotoska and Zarogiano. Here they decided to try the air, only to have "Red" Boyle, playing his first game, intercept and run the ball back forty-two yards to spoil their opponent's one and only chance of scoring. Later, when Boyle was forced out of the game because of a leg injury, he received a great hand for his excellent all-around play.

In the third period "Danny" Goren-



stein started the scoring surge with a pass to Monahan, which went from the Trade "37" to the "20." Here "Wally" Hoar took over, and in two terrific plunges gained the goal line for Latin's six and only points. On that final plunge Hoar looked great, he pushed, twisted, and tore through his opponents like a veteran. This play more than offset a few first-period blunders because of his inexperience as a back. Although the score might not indicate it, Trade was sorely lacking in every department of play. Silva, their end, tried vainly to stem the Latin tide, but the blocking of Higgins kept him out of the way and thus prevented any damage. They were unable to stop the Latin backs, but our line literally smothered their ball carriers. All in all, it was a very enjoyable day for the Purple and White.

Latin's line-up: Cummings, Condos, le; Krajewski, lt; Giannini, Freedman, lg; Rowen, Higgins, c; Ward, Freedman, rg; Jackson, rt; Higgins, re; Gorenstein, Beyer, qb; Boyle, lhb; Monahan, rhb, Hoar, fb.

*H. V. K., —.*

## LATIN CRUSHES

### B. C. HIGH 20 - 6

Bee-Hive, November 2—Boston Latin, the under-dog in the experts' opinion, upset the dope by defeating a favored Boston College High team, 20-6. This win further established Latin as the strongest team in the city.

The Purple running attack led by the dynamic Walter Hoar completely baffled the Maroon team during the whole game. Latin's first touchdown came on a fifty-yard march climaxed by Monahan's





touchdown run from the "10". He, also, rushed the point after.

Unorthodox quarterbacking by B. C. H. afforded Latin her next score. After the Maroons had received the kickoff and had run it back to the 25-yard line, they attempted to pass. This pass was intercepted by Monahan, who ran it to the "15." Hoar smashed off-tackle to the "six," and on the next play reached the five-inch line, whence he scored. Rowen kicked the try-point.

Latin got her next score after Beyer had intercepted a pass and had lugged the leather to the "17." Gorenstein on the next play scored. The try for the point-after failed.

The Maroons' touchdown marks the first time this season that any team has been able to score against the Purple. This score came when Commene passed to Mason on the goal-line.

The starting team: Higgins, re; Jackson, rt; Ward, rg; Rowen, c; Giannini, lg; Krajewski, lt; Lambert, le; Monahan, qb; Hoar, rlb; Gorenstein, llb; Beyer, fb.

*John X. Foley, '39*

## DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

An ex-Latin School man opposed us at the kickoff of the Dorchester game in the person of "Bob" Moore, center. . . . "Ernie" Nedvins has proved that he is the season's handyman, by playing almost every position on the team. . . . What caused what player to wear whose hood in the Dorchester fray? . . . "Vin" Giannini is never in our line, but always in the enemy's backfield ready to fall on a loose ball. . . . The Latin team was severely set back this year by the prolonged

illnesses of "Jim" Connolly, end, and "Bob" Radley, triple-threat backfield star. . . . The popular question now circulating in the corridor is "Who stopped Sliney?" . . . Following a recent game, a Latin School student was asked by an opposing player, "Who was the center with the baby-face?" . . . "Vin" Giannini showed a marvelous chest expansion when he changed jerseys on the field during the Dorchester battle. . . . Our line from tackle to tackle is considered to be the heaviest of the entire city. The average weight is approximately 190 pounds. . . . Just before the Dorchester game, "Walter" Hoar, all-scholastic tackle for 1937, and "Eddie" Lambert, three years a prominent member of the Purple and White eleven, were elected Co-Captains for the balance of the 1938 season.

*Harry O'Hare, '39*

## LATIN DOWNS

### DORCHESTER 20-0

Bee-Hive, November 9—The Purple and White won its fourth straight game by smothering a strong and deceptive Dorchester High team.

Dorchester, in the first period, more than held its own, and it looked rather dark for the boys from Avenue Louis Pasteur. However, in the next period, gloom turned to joy, for in this period Robertson of D. H. S. fumbled, the ball landing in the hands of "Ed" Lambert, who streaked down the field for a T. D. amid the wild cheering of the Latinites. "Joe" Havey should be congratulated on the way he effectively blocked out Henry Aleo, the only man who was near enough to get "Ed."

In the third quarter Dorchester blocked a Purple kick, but Latin recovered. Latin





kicked again; but holding on the part of the Red and Black was detected, and Latin was given a first down on Dorchester's 25-yard line. "Walt" Hoar scored four plays later. Rowen place-kicked the point after.

"Bob" Beyer scored Latin's third touchdown on a 60-yard gallop after receiving a Dorchester punt.

Latin's line-up: Lambert, Donahue, Connolly, le; Krajewski, Burns, Darcy, lt; Giannini, Freedman, Powers, lg; Rowen, Redgate, Joe Kelly, John Kelly, Ajemian, c; Ward, Condos, Hariten, Houhailis, rg; Jackson, Smith, Powers, J. McCarthy, Rose, rt; Higgins, Casey, F. Kelly, Van Campen, McNair, re; Beyer, Lee, Cullen, qb; Havey, Winkeller, Laverne, Lawson, lhb; Nedvins, Gorenstein, rhb; Hoar, Feldman, C. McCarthy, Cummings, fb.

### THIS AND THAT

With the football season having reached its final stages, comes the season's crop of heroes. Latin has three outstanding stalwarts in the college teams of New England. Perhaps the most publicized is Frank Foley (whose brother, by the way, is a member of the *Register* staff), Harvard's fair haired boy. Frank played at Latin, but it was not until he reached the outstretched arms of Jawn Harvard that he really reached his peak. He gave the Crimson their victory over Yale last year, and this season he continues his good work by playing football equal to the best of them. . . . From the Crimson of Harvard we shift to the Brown of the Providence Bruins. There we find "Joe" Finkelstein, a rangy fellow, playing his second year as a varsity end. "Joe Fink" was also known at Latin as the Captain of the track team. One of the stand-outs in the sturdy Bruin line, he has played a bang-up game all season for the surprise team of the year (witness the defeat of Harvard and Holy Cross's narrow 14 to 12 victory) . . . When the Brown Bear and the Crusaders from Holy Cross met, a third

Latinite was present in the Purple line up. . . . "Bill" Histen played opposite "Joe" Finkelstein, and what a bang-up game these pals put on against each other!

"Little Bob" Dempsey has earned his numerals on the B. C. Frosh; and boy, is this something on a team that hasn't lost a game in four years! . . . "Bob" Radley, who was lost to the team for a month because of illness, has little or no chance of playing the English game. . . . Speaking of English, a certain Mr. Comer of the Blue and Blue was formerly of Boston Latin School.

The boys in Purple certainly saw "Red" in the B. C. High game. The highly touted Mr. Sliney was so used up as a result of the precious tackling of the Latin tackler that he was forced to leave the game in the third quarter. . . . The Boston College line was no match for the four mountains in Mr. Fitzgerald's line: Jackson, Ward, Krajewski, and Giannini. It was in this game that the boys really found themselves. "Wally" Hoar, co-captain, showed such improvement as a back that he almost assured himself of "All" ratings. When "Fitzie" inserted the seconds at the end of the third quarter, B. C. took heart, and with the help of four penalties (offside), pushed their way to the five-yard line. Here the regulars were sent in, and on the first play Hoar threw the passer for a fifteen-yard loss, thus preventing a score.

Orchids to Giannini and Gorenstein, whose colossal play gave us the Mechanics game. Mr. Ralby of the Globe claims that Latin won the Dorchester game on "breaks." Perhaps he meant "bad breaks." . . . Ask "Phil" Feldman how he felt after making a 104-yard touchdown run, only to have it called back because of a penalty inflicted by a zealous official. Sideline by injuries in the recent big victories, "Will" Monahan has been somewhat overlooked by the praise-giver-outers. But those who saw him in the first few games will not forget him when speaking of the best players on the squad.

## THE FATES WERE UNKIND

On a cold, bleak morning the Blue of English lined up against the Purple of Latin in the fifty-first encounter of their ancient feud. Beyer held the ball upright in the ooze of National League Field, as Bunney Rowen kicked off. The kick was returned 10 yards before a Purple avalanche swarmed over the carrier. A tricky English reverse was received by a hard charging Latin line. The Purple held for four downs on the Blue and Blue forty. English punted and Latin took the ball on its own ten. Two offside charges against the Blue gave Latin the ball on the twenty. Latin fumbled but recovered, and on the next play kicked to the English 45. English attempted to punt, but the kick was blocked and D'Arcy recovered on the 40 yd. line of Latin. Beyer made a first down by dint of a ten yard squirm. Then Hoar followed with a 15 yd. dash to the English 35. Here Latin was held and was forced to kick. Reale on a surprising lateral play broke away to the Latin 32 where the Latin safety man, the only obstacle in his way, nailed him from behind. Lambert threw the Blue ball carrier for a 7 yd. loss on the next play and any further advance was prevented as the quarter ended.

Part way through the second period Beyer intercepted a pass on the English forty-five. Aided by penalties Latin advanced the ball to the 30. On three plays Hoar carried from the 20, to the 13, and next to the eight for a first down. On the next play the ball carrier was thrown for a loss to the fourteen. After a pass over the goal the Blue took the ball on its twenty and the Latin march was halted. An English punt carried to the forty-one, and Latin on successive plays pushed forward to the Blue 26. English took the ball on downs and had the possession of it on its own 35 yd. line as the half ended.

Latin kicked off to the English 15 and the ball was returned to the 35 to open the

third period. Latin fumbled an English punt and the boys in Blue recovered on their own 48 yd. line. English failing to make a first down kicked. The Purple in three successive plays gained six yards. On the fourth down Lambert went back to kick, but the ball was passed over his head and he didn't snatch it up till it had rolled to the one foot line. Here English took over and on the first try Reale went over for a touchdown and the winning six points. Latin, after receiving the kickoff, kicked to the English 24, where Havey stopped the safety man, with a great tackle. The Blue was penalized back to its eight and after gaining none, attempted to kick on the twenty. The Purple rushed in to block, and the ball rolled offside giving the ball automatically to Latin. Hoar carried to the six and then to the four for a first down. Hoar again, to the two yard line, from whence in three tries he was unable to gain any more. English punted out of danger to its 30 yd. stripe.

After an exchange of punts the ball was in the hands of the Blue in Purple territory. Loring fumbled, and Latin recovered. Latin failed to gain and kicked from its forty to the English twenty-five. English advanced to its forty, but fumbled. A line plunge by Latin was good for seven yards. On the next play the Purple attempted a pass, but it was intercepted and English held the ball on its 40 yd. line as the game ended.

Walter Hoar was superb in his line bucking and played a stellar defensive game as well. Havey also looked well on defense as did every other member of the team. The Latin line played smart, clean football in contrast with the English frontier which received numerous offside penalties and was penalized 50 yards in all. Yet as the game ended it was evident that the team lacked something. What it

was nobody could tell.

This was evidenced throughout the year by its inability to click inside the enemy ten yard line. For no reason at all it seemed to fold up and let an inferior line outplay it. Backs who made consistently large gains, were unable to repeat them when the chips were down. Call it luck, call it what you will, but whatever it is English, we're going to be out for revenge next year, so take a friendly warning and

start running now.

# LINEUP

Latin—Lambert, le; Krajewski, lt; Ward, lg; Rowen, c; Giannini, rg; Jackson, rt; Higgins, re; Beyer, qb; Cummings, rhb; Havey, lhb; Hoar, fb.

English—Howard, le; Kenney, lt; Zachirchuk, lg; Hickey, c; Holland, rg; Oranburg, rt; King, re; Comer, qb; MacDonald, rhb; Loring, lhb; Reale, fb.

*Harry V. Keefe, '39*

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Rooms are arranged numerically in order of percentage.

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			234	Mr. Keady	64%
			123	Mr. Marnell	63%
			135	Mr. Fitzpatrick	62%
			131	Mr. Hopkinson	57%
			325	Mr. O'Leary	56%



## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



October 11. Today our boys held back a powerful Roxbury Memorial team, and vice versa.

October 12. Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

October 13. Fashion note: This season's favorite coiffures are illustrated by Magazine's Marcel, Murphy's Wind-blown, and Tyrrell's Pawnee Dream.

October 14. We wonder if those prominent members of the Aviation Club are air-minded or merely light-headed.

October 17. Robert J. P. (for Jamaica Plain) Donlan was today unanimously elected President of the Debating Club.

October 18. Leo Frank's cheer-leading drove our team so beserk that they piled up six points against Mechanics.

October 19. Levenson threatens dire deeds if we don't mention Le Cercle Français.

October 20. The Candid Camera Fiends met today.

It seems Bill Shue was pinched the other day for speeding.

"Look here," growled the cop, "Where's the fire?"

"What are you worrying about?" cracks Bill, "You're no fireman!"

October 21. Heard at Public Dec.:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,

When shone the moon on Monan's still."

October 24. Classes 1, 2, and 3 were politely told not to ring in false alarms and not to break street lights on Halloween nights—as if anyone in these three classes would do such a thing.

October 25. Report cards today. The RRR is not in the Blue Book.

October 26. We're glad we missed Latin on our schedule; the Trade boys are sorry they didn't miss Latin on their schedule. Too bad everybody can't be happy.

October 27. The Music Appreciation Club appreciated today at 2:30.

October 31. The Chess and Checker Club is still providing competition for the Debating Club. We understand that Donlan has challenged Magazine to a duel to settle the question of supremacy for once and for all.

November 1. Bulletin: "Candidates for the principal's part in the Glee Club production will meet in Room 114 at 2:30 today." Now who would want (dare) to take Mr. Powers' part away from him?

November 2. B. C. High spelt its own defeat by 20-6 today. The B. C. cheering section encouraged our team by using that Alpha Beta Gamma cheer of ours.

November 3. A meeting of Class I was prevented by a fire drill. We suggest, in order to clear the school more quickly, to set the clocks ahead until they read 2:30 P.M.

November 4. At last, a meeting of the Class of 1939 was held. Mr. Dunn informed the graduating class that they could vote only once for the president, vice-president, and the secretary-treasurer—once and only once, or else—

November 7. Classes IV, V, and VI donated a study period to Classes I, II, and III. Thanks.

November 8! No one has been able to figure out how the periods are changed so that no one misses a test. Foey!

Er . . . Er . . . Er . . .

# DEAR EDITOR

Off and on during the past month we've been getting suggestions from various quarters as to how the Register should be run. Very appreciative of the interest shown, we publish these letters to illustrate the unusual stir the old periodical has aroused.

Boston, Mass.,  
October 1, 1938.

Dear Editor:

I just had to say a few words on the excellence of your product. I am an avid reader of all the well-known magazines, and I think yours is tops! As every creation has its little weaknesses, however, I would like to offer a few minor suggestions:

1) Your fiction is fine. Simply dandy! I am often carried away by its sheer dramatic power. But sometimes it lags a bit. Only a little, of course, but frequently. It wouldn't be a bad idea if you gave your fictionists a sort of short vacation; you know, to rest up a bit. I wouldn't go so far as to say that their work shows it—my goodness, no. You see, I've always been complimented on my tact. . . .

2) Your departments, I can safely say, are peerless. Even Boake Carter, who should be the logical Democratic candidate in 1940, doesn't do much better. But the material is not so hot. It seems a bit mouldy at times. The writers are so clever, though, that I advise you to keep them on and scrap the present departments.

3) Those editorials help to get one off to a good start. Why, *excellent* is not the word for them. No indeed.

Good as they are, they deal with subject-matter which isn't as important to the many young readers as what you should print: the threat of war in Asia, or, as a double feature: Adolph H., and

why he should be hanged. Now, since you haven't done this yet, I suggest that you discard your entire editorial policy, and give us more Stalin.

You can see now that I'm not hard to please; but especially, and even more, I like the title. Who thought it up? It's peachy! It has some strange fascination for me. Don't ever change the title. That's half your battle. Here's to the Great National Weakly!

Respectively,

Onset Harris.

[Ed. Note: Having taken Mr. Harris's suggestions to heart, we are releasing nice new copies of "Colliers" as next month's *Register*.]

\* \* \*

Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I want to thank you so much for the service you have done us, my husband and me and little Eddie. You see, where we live it's very damp, and every summer we are oh so pestered with an epidemic of flies. Until this summer we have been going crazy, with little Eddie kept awake every night and flies in the soup. My husband says the other day, "Sophie, if we don't getting something quick for these — flies, there's going to be another seventeenth story suicide." Well, you see we had tried everything—Fly-Ded, and Squirtem, and those sticky old things that hang down and get in people's hair, but still the brutes wouldn't leave. But the other day when they was really thick, my husband is reading a copy of the *Register* which he found on the subway, and he suddenly gets desperate and throws the copy and bang! he hits three of them. He keeps it up and has great success. So now he keeps a batting average, and says, with *his* eye, what has Jimmy Foxx got that he hasn't got? Well, I don't know that one, but I do know that since we used the first *Register*,

flies have been the victims of a lot of wholesale murders. I do wish it came out every week, because after about five or six days it gets soft and pretty worn out from use and we have to buy "Liberty" in the two weeks between *Register* issues. But I want to tell you this, your magazine is much better—it doesn't bend and fold up after a couple of good swats. So I want to write and tell you to put us down for a four months' subscription every year (but only four summer months cause they disappear in the winter as you know). Thank you for your kind help. We will always think of the *Register* as our favorite magazine—my husband and me and little Eddie.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Elmer Gultch.

So that explains our rise in Circulation.

\* \* \*

Sorry about this next one, but of course we could not think of printing it in full.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Its a disgrace the way this country is run! Why in Washington that . . . (Political) . . . And furthermore . . . The idea of twelve years in the Whi. . . . (Political) . . . and its up to the *Register* to see that he is not!

I thank you,

Schmolz.

P.S. I will write again in 1940.

\* \* \*

*We didn't realize until now that our product was read in such distinguished quarters. Nor that it could inspire anything such as the following:*

Long Beach, Cal.

To the Editorial Staff,  
Gentlemen:

The other day I happened to glance at a copy of the *Register*, and found it very interesting reading. Sorry I can't say as much for the writing. But you do show a

bare chance of improvement, inasmuch as you have no feature writers on your staff, and therefore will have no difficulty in getting rid of them. In their places I suggest a top-flight columnist, one who is known in every household in America. For many days I have racked my brains in an effort to select such a writer, and after having read over and over the material of Louis Sobol, Walter Winchell, Heywood Broun, Damon Runyon, and Boake Carter, I have settled definitely upon—Dorothy Thompson!

Mr. Editor, I am convinced that you can acquire no finer author in America, or, for that matter, Europe. No, her work is brilliant, sparkling with wit, garnished with logic, and served with a *savoir faire* that is most refreshing. I can already see you, disconsolate, because you are sure she is beyond your reach. Such a woman would be more than willing to aid in the uplifting of a magazine such as yours. I tell you, it has possibilities!

Let me say in conclusion that I will accept nothing in return for my suggestion. It is enough to know that I am responsible in some measure for the advancement of American literature.

Signed,

Mrs. Sinclair Lewis.

[Ah, we're surely touched at such generosity as yours, but we will try to struggle along alone. Our cross must be carried! Thank you for your kind interest, Miss Thompson.]

\* \* \*

This one is very refreshing, and you'll agree, breathless in its brevity.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I just read your last issue of the *Register*. Personally, I—oh, well, why get *personal* with you?

Joe Oakie.



# LET'S CALL IT



## QUIPS

### FORSAKEN

She gazed at me with soft brown eyes  
Like limpid pools of love;  
Alone, we stood in the meadow;  
We too, beneath stars above.

She leaned her head on my shoulder,  
I didn't draw away;  
Though not a word was spoken,  
I knew she was trying to say,

"George, please, don't leave me here  
alone,  
Friendless and forlorn,  
No one pities me, no one cares . . .  
I wish I had never been born!"

I left her there in the meadow,  
Poor Betsy, she looked so sad;  
She made not a sound as she watched me  
go—  
I felt like a heartless cad.

Whenever you think that your lot is hard,  
Cheer up! You'll manage somehow . . .  
Think how the farmer treats your  
friend—  
Poor Betsy, the Supertest Cow.  
*F. J. L., '39.*

"Yes, Cedric is a dumb cluck, all right;  
but no wonder. Look at his parents."

"What's the matter with his folks?"

"Well, the dean wrote to them telling  
them that their son had sixteen cuts, and  
in the next mail Cedric got a roll of gauze  
and a can of adhesive tape."

Mother: "Why were you kept after  
school today, Tom?"

Tom: "Teacher told us to write an es-  
say on 'The Result of Laziness', and I  
turned in a blank sheet of paper."

"Once there was a bird called the moa."

"Yes?"

"Well, it's extinct now; there is no  
moa."

Advice to B. L. S. students:

Pearls come from oysters, but some  
girls get diamonds from nuts.

### GEOMETRIC THEOREM

To prove: An ink line is a lazy dog.  
Proof:  
A line drawn with ink is an ink line.  
An incline is a slope up.  
A slow pup is a lazy dog.

---

"Jones took his aunt out riding;  
Though wintry was the breeze,  
He put her in the rumble-seat,  
To watch his anti-freeze."

---

A father had taken his small son to a football game, and that evening his mother was surprised to hear the following prayer:

"God bless Ma, God bless Pa, God bless me, Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Father fell upon the ice,  
Because he could not stand;  
Father saw the Stars and Stripes,  
We saw our Father-land.

---

Old Lady: (to sailor)—"Excuse me, do those tattoo marks wash off?"  
Old Tar: "I can't say, lady."

---

She: "I was quite upset when Tad kissed me."

He: "Nonsense, you've been kissed before."

She: "Yes, but never in a canoe."

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